Vhipper of the Satyre his pennance in a white Sheete:

OR,
The Beadles Confutation.



AT LONDON Printed for Thomas Pauier. 1601.

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OR, The Feedles Confugation.



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171 St. T. M. COMY 14040



TO ALL IVDICIALL OENSWRERS

Rave forited Gentles on whose comely from The Kofe of fanour firs Marestinail. I bend the stubborne Aslas of fterme proche But for the faurits of a bafterd quell, The instrument of a poors Beadles rages I greete them with acareles mindes refelit; I rueth fearer no touch ne dreades prefumptions feourge; Trand Tyrang by vierpation Connot depose muested Varitie: Vaile Bonnet then possiting Tamberlayne; At least a Menarch : if the Satyrs Whip He must be carted then for Pride must mount. Marry and fall; but weele no Bazonstangs Tes yes at any band; Ilriell you why, If all be whift, we shall to ans company. Then Pride will faint : Ob bane a care to that,



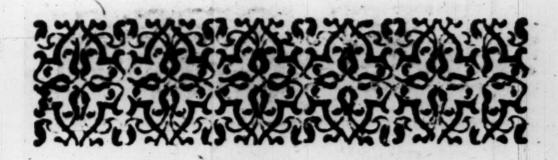




To all judicial Censurers.

For if be rice not in his glorious pompe, It is no glary : Therefore a Doung-cart Ho'e, To glut the world with greater admiration, For thinges of worth feedall mens expettation. But vvorthy Readers of my vvorthles Writ, As Wruers onery syme to please the Wife, So my endenour is to ledge content Within the clifet of undiciall bartes. Indge then aright, and worth supposes belpe Strengthen my imperfection, where Art wwantes Reason foull kind supply: smagin then You fee the Salyre W bipper in bis pride, Traune by an Infant of a Satyrift: Who shough he bash received many a urke, Read with what pattence be susteynes that yoke: I ut if you finde him out of order tripping, Defpence with home that's fabut vaco wkipping.





The Satyrs whipper

his pennance in a white Sheete.

OR,

The Beadles Confutation.



On the proud Carkase of poore penurie,
Whose daring Mass doth over dare peet eies
To gaze upon her imbeculluse:
Too weake a fee to shun a dettine dainger,
Vnder the habbit of a forraine stranger.

A 3.

Were





Were I a Stryre, as no Saturale.

A Poet, as I camnot poetize:

Or as thou tearm'st an Epigramatist:

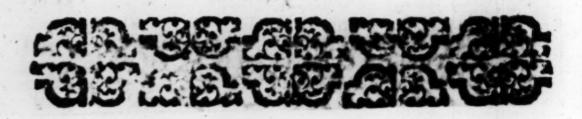
Were I Arts maister, or could morralize,

I would date more to him, that dates so much,

Whose thoughts divine he coch so sharply touch,



O'rwening Beadell, term'd the Satyr's Whip.
No maruell though the worldes Inhabitants
Sucke the infectious blood of sinnes sweete lips
And in such antique shapes so proudly vauntest
No maruell it it be at such a stay,
When impecunious Asses beare such sway.





I means such Striplinges as perhaps he is,
Who outstooke in sudertaking Arme.
Armes fram'd of wordes, who with a ludes kille
Doth hugg the world, and with sweet sowre alarm's
Doth whimate it to persist in sinne,
And why? because he knowes it loyes therein.

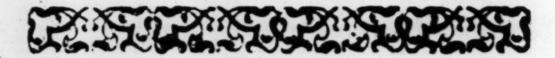
THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE

But thou (vaineglorious) who so e're thou art,
That would'st digrace such as anotomize
The times abusers, and by Wit and Art
Prooue fashood trueth: How can that sympathize?
Gainst effect write, to thee my Writ commend,
Vaknowne thy for though knowen perhaps no
(trend.





Nor subtill Wit, nor sweete tong'd Poetrie,
Nor Art, the glotic of vaineglotious men,
Shall avde my seeble imbecilitie:
The question is, how to confute thee then?
Reason, that in the robes of Sence did sute mee,
sayes, mauger Art or Wit Ishall confute thee.



And thus I argue, holding argument
Against the proud aspiring insolent
Apparted in an imbry vestament,
As if within oblinions continent:
But such a hissing Serpent can not lie
Vader the shadow of obscuritie.

Thom





Thou that ly'st lurking in a Buzards shape,
(A Fowles shape fitting such a busic foole)
Thou which dost after some promotion gape,
Clawing the world; come take an humble stoole:
Seate thee by mee, do but as I will do,
And thou shalt have a friend; yea, perhaps two.

ETERETE ETER

Ihate the world, and yet hate not to bee,
Because I am perforce, even what I am:
Is come the world, and therefore I scorne thee,
That dallies with it as a Curtizan:
But had I fast lost oportunitie,
You should be whipt, and nor a Whipper be.

Re-





Reuil'st thou him that telleth man of some,
Seeming to tofter such as sinfull bet
Better it were thy Pen at rest had bin,
Then to vehicle such publique villanies
Should not the worlde be told of sinne; and why?
Yes mangre Art or Wit ellay you lye.



Doth one amisse, or doth the Child offend?
Shall not the Fathers care correct that Child,
First by perswasions kindly to amende,
And gentle speeches, wordes with sauour milde?
Will not this do, and shall he spare the body!
Of that faire Stripling? Go to, you are a noddy.

Had





Halla Child (though bearing name of Will)
He should not the that V Vill vitto him (else:
Selse-will is nought, tis bad, tis passing ill,
Should Will in that will joy, I'de ierke the else:
And so should it thy wayward Child, or rather
I wish thee line a soole, then proue a tather.

THE THE THE THE

V Vhether i'st Art or Poetrie or Wit,
Or all, or none; or but thine owne conceit,
That bids mee seeing sinne, not chide with it,
I he last I hold it rather, sound retreit;
Be still, be still, twere good you call them in,
Your sources I meane, that so incourrage sinne,

Not





Not tell the world of sinne? yes that I will,
Though thou with treble prohibition frownes
May tis naught, its wild, its worse then ill,
And some will turne it topsie turuie downe,
And thought selfe a Worme, as others bee,
Thou flatter'st with the world: shall I with thee?

No no, thou art vnwise for all thy wit,
For Reasse and true-ludgment tels me so.
Do I amisse' how should I know of it,
By hums, or hems, or signes? Good Wizard no.
If I have sinne, and know not what it is,
I may be dam'd, not knowing my amisse.

But





But tis reply'd, if we would learne aright
We must give eare voto the heavenly voyce
Of scred Teachers, comforting the spright,
Where holy people sing with dulcet noizes
All this i graunt, and there man may heare much,
But yet his care of some can brooke no tuch.



If one amongst a multitude, tis well:
But preethee, canst thou tell mee which is hee?
The divine Preacher tells men there is Hell,
And Heaven likewise; ther's blisse, and miserie:
Who seekes the one?or who coch shun the other?
So much is man to shune a finfull brother.

hole





The whippers Pennance and I

Those facted Pastors take exceeding paine?

To winne the wicked to a blessed life, and the and Commanding man from wickednesse retraine, and But still dissention sets vs all arstrict and volume and them.

They may command as God commandeth them.

But we will do our writes: Why we are men.



But let the Heariens frowne, the Welkinsthiffder,
Pethaps weele feare a little, and nince our Gods.
Threats may premaile, & figures may mak vs wonder
Yet feare we not, antill we feele the fod.

Is this our life? then whip each other well,
Better be whips on Earth, then seoing a in Hell.





I meets attallow as the firedeck a pace; I side mide we would have holden be some should be some sword of Godpredeck his arme sword! I aske from whence he some swinds humble grace we had present in harmens, would be an in the present of the harmens, would be an inverse mestrain make the harmens are the animent Scholles, but he believed the of the present of the harmens of the holdes by the head of the present of the holdes by the head of the present of the holdes by the head of the present of the holdes by the head of the present of the holdes by the head of the present of the head of the head



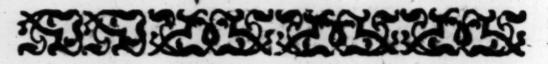
And why (quoch 12) Faish theramb rooms, toyes how Your reason six Are oblishe places askens a such but No, tis his doct line which will beth me. The doct line which will beth me. The doct line which will beth me. The doct line which will be the me. The doct line which will be the me to the but of the Divell' shappie materies we and No, but of Gods yes, and both entities we and

Wichin





Within this Eearth (and then he strikes his brest)
I know but onely one poore impersection:
Which if but nam'd, the namer I detest,
The thought whereof, breedes such rejections
For fince the Sarrist so playd on mee,
I can not brooke to heare of letcherie. &c.



Now fir, to you fir, that can cast so well,

And have a tricke in wrastling for a soyle;

Unbesiese fir, you that with words will quell

Vindausted spirites, you that keepe such coyle,

By turning heeles vp: were you not I pray

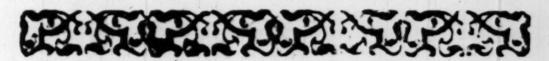
At my Lord Maiors wrastling tother day?

Was





VVas it not you that fell the lubber downe,
And gave the Miller such a clenly fall?
Or was it you lay flatly on the ground,
When cappes flew vp, and men cride, God save all?
Or were you then at Cambridge whe you thought
You could do this and that, and all was nought?



But what, where, when, or who, I care not;
Haue at you fir, and that I tro's taire play:
I give you warning, and in fayth fir spare not,
To shield your selle against this first assay.
You strong gainst many, I onely string with one,
One single fall (kind fir) and I have done.

B.

Ilay





Nav I will do it, if not done before.

What dares your Worlhip thy refolue vphraid?

I stand on fittine ground, and have helpes good store

Part fire and tow, all mercie els is fled,

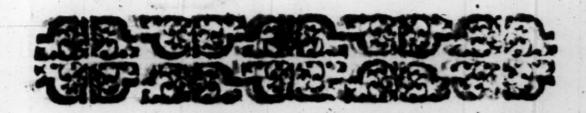
Stand up for shame, the toller slips your head.



A Gentleman that had a way ward Foole,
To passe the time, would needes at pussi-pin play:
And playing falte, doth stirre the way ring stoole,
The lunocent had spid him, and trid stay,
Play that agains by dhe, you did not win,
And then the soole began to my for spin.

Thou





Thou abfurd Asse (his Maister then replyes)

Must you needes whise & aftrooke him on the eare:
With that the soole was white and it y'd his eyes,
And afterwards he durit not cry for teare:
When he percent's the blowes he goe thereby,
The Foole grew wise, and did torboarbee cry.



Now centure (gentle spirits) i'st not faired it
Haue I not call him eleniys ludgement host
Now by my Mule, and sheet learner worth a haire,
Was never Wileman had to kind a three,
And by the foole in that life overthrowne,
A soole or no toole, is the Whipper one?

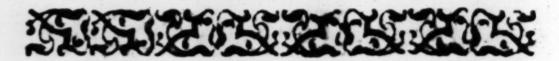
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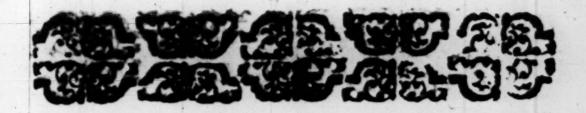
One sayes an Eccho, from a hollow Cane
Sounded by thousandes which concord as one,
V V no calles a seeming honest man a knaue,
V Vithous he proough his imperfections
And when by proofe that sinful fault he know,
V Villue not call him friend that cold him so.



Then friendly Sugraft, to thy Pen againe,
Let not one privat Nouice terrifie
VVith halting lynes, thy Yron lasting braine,
VVhone facred Trueth doth dayly nutrifies
But with a brow according to thy hart,
I towne on the world, and give it his defert.

Hon





low many soules within this little round,
Blest with the knowledge of Diminitie,
And for their zeale unto the high'st renownd
Vinder the scepter of Virginitie,
V Vho have a thousand thousand sundry times
Grafted sweete Grapes upon unpleasant Vines.



And where is one that takes? where may we finde
A hart converted from impletie?
Do we not swimme in finne? Are we not blind,
And howerly bath vs in iniquitie?
And yet for all these impersections,
V Ve should be free from all corrections?

B 3.

No





No no, finec kingle perfusations will, not do,
Sing from the tangua of dulest pieties
Let irefuli Fury, whip and scourge them to,
Sounding their soules perpotable miseries

Must take the bourge of obscricie.



Instince Tride whose singus spangled tyre,
Makes her admired in a vulgar eye,
Her danglung Aglees which to lugh aspiro,
As if the were not base marrallities and are
Ringes every house her lowes killing knell.
And simpons her you the court of Hell.

But





But when a sinne is spoken generall,
Who will assume it and say I am sheet
Yet if a man meete Produmieshcall,
And to her face say, Popus proude miserie,
Vaile Bonnes huswite, what I know your name,
Shee's blush & bide her wanton face for shame.



If this will then force reformation,
Why shall I scare to say a knaue's a knaue's
What shall I stand in dread of conjuration,
Because Unitally bath from his daskie Caue
Sent a lease writhen Beadle all in hatte,
To say the mannion of the Sayres waste,

B4.

No





No no, auaunt bace Feare, it cannot bee,
Tell him, the Sayre may not be depoid,
So long as Trueth fings his Apologie:
Nor is he of so bace a mould compose,
As to be subject to a sight impression,
For a true Sayre's guyltles of transgression.



If I should say, thou wert a busic Sir,
With a good conscience canst thou say I lie?
Was never Whipper kept so great a stir,
Hung such careles soules for Tyramet
For were it not a Gentleman's disgrace,
I'de tearme the Whipper soole vnto his sace,

Pet-



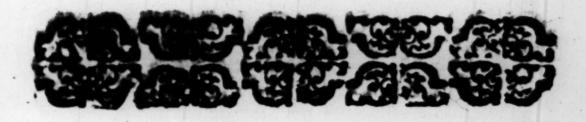


Perhaps your wiledome will a lash impose
Of sell correction, on my cender backet
Well if you do, you shall no labour lose,
Ile take it well in woorth t but it you lacke,
What so you chaunce to lend without request,
I will repay't with double interest.

ETE ETE ETE ETE

Meane time; good Sayre to thy wonted traine,
As yet there are no lettes to hinder thee;
Thy touching quill with a sweete mooning straine,
Sings to the soule a blessed bullabiet
Thy lines beget a tymerous feare in all,
And that same feare deepe thoughts angellicall.

So





The Whippers Requires

Is now remote troup has obhorred life, the And cloather the dallinger of a Curtezan, And cherybreathing weeked toule at their and Control of the Control of

THE RESERVE THE PROPERTY OF TH

Droupe shap (wife Fanle) and with a blush of shame Of fine could prohad a with pale lace and a state of the same of the party by thoughts sow's but has golden fames.

But Pride at piring, taken with faule degrates.

Yeld then suntuspland with patience beare.

Silving entir prepayers a single floor on A

FINIS.



